

# Home Magazine



BY VICTOR H. SMALLEY

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It was on the broad, cool veranda of the spacious Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island, Scores of fashionably costumed guests were enjoying the cool, invigorating breezes wafted from that big body of water in front of them, Lake Michigan. The orchestra was in the midst of a dreamy waltz from Strauss, and the environment was one of peaceful languor.

Occasionally the quiet serenity of the place would be happily interrupted by a burst of laughter from a group of young men and women lounging on the steps leading up to the porch from the driveway below. A trap or two, laden with pretty, fresh-looking girls in white, and less, lolling fellows in blue serge, rattled by, and a few horsemen and equestrians ambled past.

A girl stepped out from the office and walked slowly down the veranda, glancing from right to left in search of a vacant chair. She appeared to be about twenty years of age, was about medium height and very fair. Her face was decidedly pretty, with almost "Gibsonian" features. Her hair was almost golden-brown, and she walked gracefully, attracted considerable attention as she passed along the piazza.

An unoccupied rocker finally caught the girl's eye, and she settled down into it with a little sigh of contentment. Seated directly at the right of the girl was a woman of striking appearance. The "chatterbox" referred to her as "stunning"; the middle-aged man called her an "out-and-out beauty," while the old gray-whiskered fellows rolled their eyes ecstatically and said nothing.

The object of this astonishing amount of admiration was a brunette in the true sense of the word, and divinely beautiful. She was of about medium height, and a trifle above the medium weight, but the slight superfluity of avoirdupois only accentuated her charms. Her finely shaped head was set upon a throat so symmetrical, so proud and white, that she appeared to be taller than she really was. Her complexion was of the Southern type, olive, with a delicate tinge of rosy hue. Her eyes were the most attractive of her many charms. They were large, luminous, dark as a starless night, and a fringe of long jet lashes almost hid them from sight.

As the blonde girl seated herself, her dark-haired

neighbor eyed her curiously, penetratingly. The glance was returned, and both smiled in a friendly manner. Soon they were in the midst of an animated tete-a-tete, the girl doing most of the talking, while her companion proved to be a good listener.

The girl said she was from the North. She was the only daughter of rich parents, and had just arrived at Mackinac. No, she hardly knew any one, and did feel a trifle lonely. Her parents were ardent golfers, and were at that moment deeply engrossed in the popular game.

They made a striking couple, these two women of such different types of beauty, and they were freely commented upon by the passers-by. The girl chatted away volubly, and was surprised to find herself making a confidant of her new friend. The large black eyes seemed so friendly and sympathizing that the girl opened her heart in a way that all girls do. She had been away from home so long, and had been so long apart from her chums and intimates, that she felt happy in the possession of a new friend who seemed so interested in her girlish adventures and confidences. At first she spoke only of her school days at Smith, but was soon telling of her love-affairs, an ample amount always being the property of every winsome miss who has passed her twentieth birthday.

"But I am really and truly in love, now," she went on, coloring prettily. "I met him on the Manitou on my way here from Chicago. He is very handsome and is quite a good deal older than I. I first saw him in the dining saloon; he sat opposite me, and was so polite and courteous in handling such things that were out of my reach. He looked at me rather persistently, I should think. Once, when he passed me the salad, our hands touched, and I fancied that he tried to squeeze mine."

"That evening our folks played cards in the cabin, and I went out on the deck to enjoy the beautiful night. It is simply glorious on Lake Michigan after dark! I drew up my chair at the stern of the boat, behind a big wheel which is never used, and began to doze and dream of—well, I thought of him."

"Suddenly I felt a thrill shoot through me, and I actually believe my heart stood still. I knew he was near. It was so dark I could scarcely see my hand in front of my face, yet I was positive he was ap-

proaching. Presently I heard his voice, and he said: "Pardon me, little friend, if I seem rude; but I am lonely, and you do not appear to be very well entertained either. May I sit down and chat with you? Misery loves company, you know."

"Oh, I know I should have sent him away, but I didn't, and we talked for over an hour. He was so interesting, and seemed to be very cultured and a great traveler. He spoke of Paris and Calcutta in the same breath, and entertained me greatly with his reminiscences. How I did hate to go! But I knew that I had already broken too many rules of propriety, so I bade him good-night and went to my stateroom."

"Did he kiss me?" The girl averted her face and her lips trembled as she answered frankly, "Yes, and I am not sorry either."

"Well," she continued, "I did not see much of him next day, as I was with my parents almost all of the time. I caught a glimpse of him at the dock when we landed here, and he raised his hat as he shook hands with me and said: "Good-by, little friend; we shall meet again."

"I saw him a few minutes later as he jumped into a carriage, and—"

The girl stopped suddenly. Her hands, clasped together, trembled perceptibly, and her face was suffused with a carnal blush. She was looking toward the driveway, where a horse and his rider came slowly up the path. The rider was a man of about forty. His brown, curly hair was streaked about the temples with gray. He was tall, looked every inch an athlete, and rode with the grace and ease of a trained trooper.

The dark-eyed woman followed the gaze of her companion, and when she caught sight of the handsome rider her face lighted up with an amused smile and she waved her hand familiarly. The rider touched his whip to his hat and smiled.

"There," faltered the girl, "that is he."

"Who?" asked her new friend.

"Why, he whom I met on the boat—the man I love," returned the girl, impetuously.

"Ah, my dear, said the brunette, smiling compassionately, "you mustn't mind him, you know."

"Then you know him?"

"Slightly," he said.

## MAY MANTON'S HELPS

For Women Who Make Their Own Dresses.

### A WALKING COSTUME.

Black and blue chevrons, shot or flecked with white, are among the features of the season and make ideal walking suits. The model shown combines the fashionable Norfolk with the box-plaited skirt and is as serviceable as it is stylish.

The coat is made with loose fronts and fitted backs that are seamed at the center, and includes applied box plaits that give the Norfolk suggestion. At the upper portion is an applied yoke the neck of which is finished with regulation collar and lapels, and the coat closes in double-breasted style. The sleeves are two-seamed and are finished with roll-over cuffs that are left open at the outside. At the waist is a belt of the material held by a harness buckle that passes under the applied straps and closes at the centre front.

The skirt is cut in seven gored that are carefully shaped to combine the fashionable snug fit over the hips with flare at the lower portion. The plaits are formed on the straight edge of each gore and arranged to conceal the seams and fall free at flounce depth. The original is unlined, but lighter material can be lined throughout if preferred. The fulness at the back is laid in deep inverted plaits that meet closely and are quite flat. The waist line can be cut round or with dip in front, as desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is: For coat, 3 yards 4 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 58 inches wide; for skirt, 4 5/8 yards 44 inches wide or 4 3/4 yards 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern, No. 4238, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents. The skirt pattern, No. 4239, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. It will be sent for 10 cents.



This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which Miss Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World, following Miss Manton's directions.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra 2-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope. Send money to "Cahner, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

## WHERE ALL BUTCHERS ARE WOMEN.

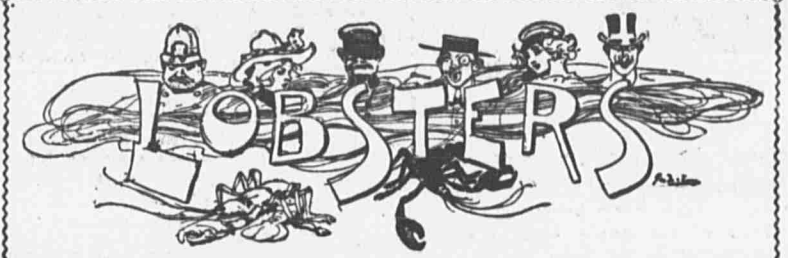
For a most strange reason all of the butchers of Paraguay are women, and these easy occupations, invariably assumed elsewhere by the sterner sex, fall to the lot of the women, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The cause of this state of things is the heroic war waged by Paraguay more than thirty years ago against the overwhelming forces of Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay combined. When the war was over the people had been reduced to the most abject poverty and were on the verge of starvation, being driven to such expedients as to eat cats, dogs and horses. Worse still, owing to the destruction of the male population, army, navy, police, and all the work formerly performed by males fell on the fair sex. They rebuilt the houses which had been burned down, tilled the fields and wove for themselves rough-homespun clothing from the cotton grown on their own fields.

In the public slaughter-houses the cattle are dispatched by men, who sew the spinal column by cutting it with a sharp cut just behind the nape of the neck. When the animal falls to the ground its throat is cut, and it is allowed to bleed to death. This is the only

**\$2**  
FOR A WALL  
STREET JOKE.

Write the Best Joke you can about Wall Street and send it to "Wall Street Joke Editor, P. O. box 1354, N. Y. City." If it is used The Evening World will send you \$2 for it.



Here are a few more "lobsters" from competitors for the \$10 prize offered by The Evening World. All winners must be sent to "Lobster Limerick Editor, Evening World, P. O. box 1254 New York City." The winner of the prize will be announced in next Wednesday's Evening World.

**IN CHICAGO.**  
A man whose feelings were mobbed, sir,  
In a court in Chicago he sobbed, sir,  
"I feel very bad," he said,  
Because that man called me a 'lobster'."

**THE POLICE SITUATION.**  
At Headquarters an old gent holds a job, sir,  
Who promised that he'd made the bobs stir,  
With no thought of quitting  
He attends to his knitting.  
Well oiled and well broiled is this lobster,  
JACK DONOHUE,  
No. 157 East Seventy-sixth street, N. Y.

**A PREDICTION.**  
An ex-cop who was known as a lobster,  
And an expert at making a mob stir,  
Sought political honors  
Around the four corners,  
And was voted—not leader, but lobster,  
F. E. BRYANT, Jamaica, L. I.

**STRENUOUS DATES.**  
"Our Teddy" sets up for no mob, sir,  
An ex-cop who was known as a lobster,  
And an expert at making a mob stir,  
Sought political honors  
Around the four corners,  
And was voted—not leader, but lobster,  
F. E. BRYANT, Jamaica, L. I.

**OUR TEDDY** sets up for no mob, sir,

**ABOUT RED-HEADED WIVES.**

Here are a few more of the many letters received in reply to the query, "Do red-headed girls make good wives?" The Evening World invites readers to discuss this interesting question freely, giving testimony that may tend to answer permanently the oft-recurring problem.

**Leave Them Alone.**  
Leave red-headed girls alone. Don't marry them. I did, and I regret it every day. Mix cayenne pepper and horse radish with tobacco and you'll have a drink that will serve as a cooling-chaser after one of their fits of temper. Just take my tip on this. If you don't believe me, marry a red-headed girl and you'll confess I'm right.  
WARDEN.

**A Creature of Moods.**  
In regard to red-headed girls, let me say that while they like you they are simply splendid, but if you should ever do anything to annoy them or if they get feeling bitter toward you, heaven deliver us, but it is awful! You simply have to saw wood, say nothing and wait, and when her "red-headed" ladyship consents to come out of the tantrum she's lovely once more.  
THERE.

**Affirmative Testimony.**  
I have read with interest the question

about red-headed girls making good wives, and must say I think they do. I know from experience that they are the jolliest and best natured women to be found. But what does puzzle me is: Why does any man that claims to be in love ask public opinion about the lady he "wishes to marry but for this one fault?" (red hair). I think this young man is not deserving of any red-headed girl or any other.

**Has Had Experience.**  
In regard to red-headed girls, I think that they are all right. I have four red-headed sisters and they are all married. All are good housewives, good cooks and useful around the house. I advise every young man that wants to marry to take a red-headed girl for a wife.  
LAWRENCE BENHARD.

**Not a Matter of Color.**  
It is not the color of their hair or their looks that makes a person's character, and any one who would stop to judge a person by either is of no account and is not worthy of a girl's love. If any one makes a bad wife it is the pretty girl, as she loses her head with conceit, which makes her bold, heartless and stupid in all respects. Don't let any foolish talk against red-headed wives stand in the way of happiness.  
N. N.

## A NEW BEAUTY SERIES • No. 1. CARE OF THE NAILS.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



1. Soak the fingers in warm, soapy water.  
2. Shape the nails with a velvet file.

It seems incredible that women and young and pretty girls should neglect their finger nails. But they do—and some of them are in danger of losing their sweethearts in consequence. I have two letters before me—one from a young man, who says: "I would ask a young lady I am acquainted with for her steady companion, only she is not particular about her hands, and I can't get over thinking that she must be lacking in a sense of refinement or she would certainly take care of her finger nails. Do you think a girl should be judged by such a small matter?"

Yes, I do. Distinctly I think if a girl is not dainty enough, not delicate enough to be personally clean, she is not fit to be the intimate associate of man, woman, or child, and I strenuously advise every man who is thinking of marriage to flee from the uncleanly girl while there is yet time.

This counsel is likewise intended for the young man to whom I alluded recently, the poor fellow who wrote me he was engaged to an "excellent girl," with but one fault, "she always has dirty finger nails."

"Even dressed in a handsome light-blue silk, I remarked that her nails were terrible to look at. I don't want to

hurt her feelings—she is such a good girl."

But I say she is not such a good girl, and some one would better hurt her

feelings before she breaks your heart with her untidiness as a wife, which she will be sure to do, for you are too tender to wound her pride and will marry her, in spite of your letter to me, and be sorry to the end of the chapter. Must I say once more, a girl is not "excellent" who lacks the sensibility, the decency, the sweetness of cleanliness?

A girl whose vanity, whose pride, will not come to her aid during courtship where her personal appearance is concerned offers a dismal prospect as a wife, mother and head of an establishment.

It is not, I know, possible for working women to have highly manicured finger nails, but they may have clean finger nails. It is not necessary to employ a

manicure in order to keep your nails in good condition—though if you are able it is a great convenience to have the nails properly cared for by an expert.

You do not require a lot of super-mountained implements to keep your nails in perfect condition. Half an hour's care once a week, five minutes attention once a day and, no matter how she is employed, a woman may have presentable finger nails.

**Necessary Implements.**—A pair of clippers, 75 cents; or if not to be obtained, a pair of curved scissors, which should be very sharp, 75 cents; a velvet file, 25 cents; an emery board, 10 cents; an orange wood stick, 1 cent; a nail brush, 4 cents; a nail file, 5 cents; soap, 1 cent; nail powder, 20 cents; nail cosmetic, 15 cents.

You see, the expense need not be great. But even if it cost four times as much, better far economize in some other direction, in almost any other way, than in the care of your finger nails.

**How to Care for the Finger Nails.**

The pictures show how to do one's own nails.

First—Soak the fingers in soapy warm water.

Second—Shape roughly with clippers or of curved scissors.

Third—Shape carefully with velvet file.

Fourth—Remove all foreign substances from under the nail with point of orange wood stick wound with a little absorbent cotton dipped in lemon juice.

Fifth—Loosen and press cuticle down around the selvage of the nails.

Sixth—Apply the nail powder and polish.

Seventh—Apply nail cosmetic and polish.

Eighth—Scrub with soap and hot water.

Amusements.

**MASCAGNI**  
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.  
FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE  
OF HIS ITALIAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY  
OF 100, Conducting His Own Forces.  
Oct. 8—CAVALIERA RUSTICANA and ZANETTO.  
Oct. 9—IL MATINEE—CAVALIERA RUSTICANA and ZANETTO.  
Oct. 11 (Matinee)—NATCLIFF.  
OFFERING Metropolitan Subscribers, Sept. 15 to 17.  
OFF SALE: Public (Season Tickets), Sept. 18 to 20.  
For SINGLE performances, begin Sept. 22.  
PRICES: Orchestra, Season, \$17; Single Performances, \$5. Dress Circle, Season, \$10; Single, \$3. BALCONY (first row), Season, \$8; Single, \$2.50. BALCONY (rear row), Season, \$5; Single, \$1.50. FAMILY CIRCLE (first row), Season, \$5; Single, \$1.50. remainder of Family Circle, Single, \$1.

**MANHATTAN**  
LAST TWO CONCERTS  
This Evening, 8:30. Mat. To-day, 2:15.  
SHANNON'S REG'T BAND  
LAST NIGHT OF PAIN'S ANCIENT  
Evenings, 8:30. Mat. To-day, 2:15.  
A MAJESTIC FIREWORKS PROGRAMME  
INCLUDING THE HARVEST HOME DEVISE  
PROF. LEO STEVENS IN AIRSHIP, 8 P. M.

**JOHN DREW**  
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 40th St.  
2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

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